

THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN

Pledged to the cause of Temperance.

DAILY.

Containing Articles, original and selected, on every subject of interest, instruction, and benefit to its readers.

Volume I.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY ULYSSES WARD.

Number 39.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1846.

THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN,

EDITED AND PUBLISHED DAILY

BY ULYSSES WARD.

At One Cent per Number.

Office on Pennsylvania Avenue, a few doors East of the Railroad.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

1 square of 14 lines, 1 insertion 37 cts.
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Printing of every description neatly executed: such as Books, Pamphlets, Circulars, Cards, Handbills, etc., etc., on as good terms as at any other office.

To the friends of Temperance and the public generally we now make our appeal in behalf of this paper. The publisher feeling it a matter of importance to the interest of the Temperance cause in the District, as well as the general interest of the cause, and having been, as he conceives, providentially placed in a situation at this time when he can mingle this interest with that of the business men, and thereby render a double service to the community, and still further open a medium of communication by which our principles may be extended far and wide, at a cheap rate. He has purchased a printing establishment, so as not only to be able to put a daily paper regularly to press, but also a weekly; and still further, be able to do any other printing the public may be pleased to have done; and he assures them that they shall have no cause of complaint. He has made arrangements by which he can devote his time to the interest of the office and the paper; and, having employed Mr. Charles W. Fenton, who will be always on the spot, to conduct the printing, he has no doubt but that general satisfaction will be given. We shall make arrangements to have the earliest news; also the proceedings of Congress.

We wish all who are indebted for the paper up to this time to pay up, as the affairs of the tri-weekly must be closed. They will perceive that we are about to give them a better paper, double the number, at the same price.

While the "COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN" will be devoted to the cause of Temperance, its columns will be enriched by original articles on subjects calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers. It is intended so to blend variety, amusement, and instruction, as that the various tastes of its patrons may be (as far as it is practicable) gratified. Commerce, Literature, and Science, and every other subject of interest, not inconsistent with Temperance and morality, will receive the earnest attention of the publishers. Nothing of a sectarian, political, or personal character will be admitted.

A CARD.

THE subscriber begs leave to say to members of Congress and others, that he has several good rooms which he will let on accommodating terms, either furnished or unfurnished, located on the South side of Pennsylvania Avenue, between 9th and 10th streets, and equidistant between the Capitol and the public offices. I have also two of the best cellars in the city, which I will rent in part or the whole, or receive goods on storage. This is a good opportunity for butchers or market people.

L. S. BECK.

JUST FROM THE MINT!!!

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

L. S. BECK & SON, would take this method of notifying the citizens of Washington and the adjacent counties of Maryland and Virginia, that they have commenced the house furnishing business in all its various branches, on Pennsylvania Avenue, South side, between 9th and 10th streets, where they intend keeping a constant supply of new and second hand goods, and promise to sell on the most reasonable terms. We, therefore, solicit a call from our friends and the public generally, as we intend to enumerate in part the following: Ivory, Buck and Cocoa handled knives and forks; White, Black and Brown handled do; Carvers, Forks and Steels; Shovels, Tongs and Pliers; German Silver, Britannia and Iron, Table, Dessert and Tea Spoons; Ladles, Skimmers and Forks; Drip and Stove Pans; Stair Rods; Tea Waiters, assorted sizes; Brass Candlesticks; Britannia Tea and Coffee Pots; Writing Paper, Chopping Axes, Wood Saws and Bucks, Hatchets, Hoarh, sweeping Whitewash, Dusting Shoe, and Horse Brushes; Britannia and Painted Spoons; Adams', Wilson's, Livingston's, and other Coffee Mills; Mouse Traps, Nutmeg Graters, Japaned Candlesticks, Lamps, and Tea Caddies, Snuffers and Trays; Pad, and other Locks and Keys; Butchers Knives, Bread Baskets, Hand-saws, Hammers, &c., &c. Also, a good assortment of Holloware, Ovens, Pots, Kettles, Skillets and Griddles; Cinder Shovels, and Coal Hods; Brass Top Fire Fenders; Scissors, Curtain Rings and Pins; P. M. Saucepans, Cut and Wrought Nails, Handirons, Sadrions, &c., &c., with an assortment of Cabinet Furniture: such as Sideboards, Buffets, Tables, Chairs, Bedsteads, and Bedding, Washstands, Basins and Ewers, China, Glass, Queens, and Crochery Ware; Carpets and hearth Rugs; Tin ware, &c., &c.

N. B. All manner of goods received on commission, except Alcoholic Liquors.

Nov 23-46

WILL be opened this day at Mr. S. A. PARKER'S a few new style Evening Dresses. Jan 3-31st Penn. Avenue, bet. 9th and 10th st.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DEAD COW BROOK SCHOOL.

IN POETRY AND PROSE.

BY CURIAL PARDON JONES.

TUNE.—*Wagon wheel* spare that tree.

When but a little boy,

To Cow Brook School I went;

First Webster was my joy,

Then Daboll my intent;

Murry I went clean through

And learnt his rules by heart,

And read in the "Preceptor" law,

And then in the "Third Part."

Then o'er the crusted snow,

With joyous steps I trod;

The white birch bending low

With icicles did nod;

With hands led in my hand

The hill-side steep I sought.

And the way we used to ride down hill,

one after another, over the glare ice, and

sometimes clean smack across the swamp

meddler pond at the foot was a caution to

railroads.

Phil Ant'ny was our schoolmaster,

A learned man was he;

In rhetoric's hall he gave us fur

As the double rule of three.

He studied phisic law,

And where he boarded round

He cured worms and dizzies too

With roots dug from the ground.

Upon the hill it stood,

That school house old and warm;

With that big pile of wood,

It laugh'd at cold and storm,

The hill-side slope in front,

How glorious to the view!

We used to slide full half a mile

On sleds and dog-outs too!

"The boys may grow!" says the school

master, says he, one afternoon, "and do

you go and break your eternal necks a ridin'

down hill in that hog troth, and you see

what you'll ketch when I git holt on you,

that's all! Stop! Come back, all on you

come back! Is that the way to grow, like

a passel of skeert sheep, runnin' over one

another? Where's your manners? Haint

I told you more'n a hundred times 'bout

that? Now start, one to a time, and when

you get to the door, turn round and make

your manners every one on you. Sy Har-

ington come right strait back here, Sir!

You're a terrible smart feller, ain't you?

Mebby you thought I didn't see you when

you was pretendin' to make a bow, bump

your forehead agin Reuben Johnson's nose

on purpose! Jest see how you made it

bleed! Dont cry Reuben, it'll feel better

after its done achin'."

"I didn't go to do it, Rube come pushin'

up jest as I turned round to make my man-

ners; I didn't have room to do it, 't out

hittin' him on the nose."

"What did you push up that fashion fur,

Reuben; hadn't you no more sense than

that?"

"I couldn't help it; Jim Wright stu'k a

pin into me, and it kinder made me jump

forrard a little, and"

"Wall, go long out, both on you, and be-

have yourselves, and tell Jeems Wright to

come here; I have business of importance

to do with him."

And away went the boys, and they hadn't

been out two minets afore they were both

mounted on a hand sled streakin' it down

hill like chain lightning. There wasn't a boy

in school that wasn't coasin in some way

or another. Some was on sleds, some on

planks, some on logs, some on wooden

trays; and them that hadn't nothin' else to

ride on, would set flat down on the ice, and

let others drag'em by two strings tied round

their ankles. But they all remembered

what Doctor Phil Ant'ny told 'em, and no-

body didn't tetch the big hog-troth. There

it stood, right on the starting pint, as crazy

as a hair trigger to go off.

I've seen a dozen fellows git into it, all

twisted together like a bed of eels in cold

weather, and slide down like a streak, and

all tumble into a soft snow-bank together

to the bottom of the hill, like young rats in

a meal tub. Wall, putty soon Doctor Phil

Ant'ny come out of the school house to look

for Jim Wright, but Jim had jest started in

his little tray—the swiftest craft on the

track, 'cept the big hog-troth—and his

bushy red hair was beginnin' to stream back

like a blaze of fire. "Stop!" cried Doctor

Phil, "stop, you little sarpant, or I'll be ar-

ter you, and give you the wust lickin' you

ever had in your life."

"I can't," cried Jim, lookin' back, "the

critter's got started, and taint no use to try

to stop her now't she's got the bit in her

teeth."

"By the thunder and Jit'nin?" hollered

Doctor Phil, and stomped down his feet,

and up flew both his heels, and down he

went backwards, kerwollop, into the hog-

troth, and away he went, with his feet stick-

ing up, right in Jim's wake. Jim seen him

coming, and he put spurs to his horse; that

is to say, he stuck his spikes into the ice

and pushed ahead, as if he was 'scaping

from a railroad. On went Doctor Phil like

a whirlwind and he was overtakin' Jim

hand'over hand, or rather heels over head,

right across Doctor Phil's path, and all the

boys knew mighty well what was comin'.

For some on 'em had been shippin' on

that hog troth. "He'll git hilted now," say-

ing," said Sy Harrington, jumpin' up and

down and slappin' his thighs, "there he

goes, by hoky!" and sure nuff, there he

did go, for the troth struck the log and

leaping six feet into the air, throwin' Doc-

tor Phil ten feet down the hill, whirlin' over

and over like a buzz, and he never stopped

all he went splash in a bilin' troth, where

the cattle went to krink and hant trod it full

of soft mud.

"Where is the schoolmaster?" shouted

Jim Wright, cawlin' out of the snow bank

where he had layed dead, and slakin' the

snow out of his hair; "cricky if I didn't

think he'd ketch me at one time!"

The boys all run to the bilin' springs

and there lay Doctor Phil Ant'ny, all cov-

ered with mud and snow, groanin' aloud

and tears of agony startin' out of his eyes.

His thigh and one rib was broke. Phil

was a kind hearted man, and the boys all

loved him. He used to talk savage to us

sometimes, but then he didn't used to hurt

us. The little boys stood round and cried

when Phil told us that his leg was broke,

and the big ones looked sorry, and took

holt on him keertul and keertul him to the

schoolhouse, and then pulled him over to

father's on a hand-sled. Our beloved

schoolmaster never got up again.

Choosing a Wife.

Grant Thorburn, of New York, an old

married man, and one who ought to un-

derstand what he writes from long expe-

rience, in a series of articles directed par-

ticularly to the young merchants of his

own city, gives the following advice con-

cerning the choice of a bride and the hus-

band's conduct to his wife after marriage.

We have been requested to publish it by

a gentleman of the old school, who de-

clares to us that he has seldom found so

much truth and conscientious advice pre-

sented in so small a compass:

In choosing a wife, let her be a family

not vain of their name or connections, but

remarkable for their simplicity of manners

and integrity of life. Let her be alike free

from deformity, and hereditary disease; nei-

ther fix your eyes on a celebrated beauty;

she is apt to be too proud of her pretty face,

and afraid to soil her delicate hands. The

woman who washes her own silver spoons,

China cups and plates, and performs other

light services in the family, is always the

most healthy, the most happy, and the

most contented—for thus she gains the

approbation of her husband and of her own

conscience. The woman who leaves her

family four or five hours every day, run-

ning from shop to shop, and making calls,

is always unhappy; for conscience says—

you have been sowing the wind, you

shall reap the whirlwind. Beauty is a very

desirable ingredient in choosing a wife;

you will be proud of your handsome wife

when you introduce her to a friend, but by

all means find out if you can, what her

is vain of her beauty. If you find she is

daily washing her (already) pretty face with

milk of roses, and patent cosmetics—that

she is daily pouring water and Macassar

oil on her (already) glossy hair—if this is

the case, it is rather an alarming symp-

tom. A handsome woman never looks so well

when she don't know it.

Good nature is another necessary virtue

in a good wife. This, though, is not so

essential, as a man must be a consummate

blockhead if he cannot lead, not drive, a

woman by fair words. A good manager is

another indispensable qualification. After

marriage, if a woman does not pique her-

self on her knowledge of family affairs, and

lay out money to the best advantage, let

her be ever so sweet tempered, gracefully

made, or elegantly accomplished, she is no

wife for a man of business. When people

are harnessed in the yoke matrimonial, they

must draw together. It's a man's duty to

give to his wife; it's the wife's duty to use

it with the most scrupulous economy.

Having now resolved to get married, do

not distinguish your wedding day with too

much ostentation, nor suffer it to pass with-

out proper acknowledgments. Let it wear

a sober smile, such as would become your

partner and you for life; not to be convulsed

with riotous laughter, that leaves tears in

the eyes and heaviness at the heart as

soon as the fit is over. Moderation in all

things is the very essence of life; neither

fly to the mountains nor linger about the

springs; the money thus foolishly spent

would pay for all the coal you would burn

next winter, proceed in the easy and usual

tenor of your way, prosecuting your regular

business with all the sober realities on your

back, for remember that the harvest lasts

not all the year. Continue to treat your

wife with the same cheerfulness on your

brow, the same tenderness in your eyes,

the same obliging turn in your behavior

with which you were wont to treat her in